

O-D E
S .



IN A shady grove of myrtle,
Where birds musical resorted, With
FLORA'S painted flowers feijt'le,
Which men with sight and scent
comforted, Whilst turtles equally
disported, Where each Nymph
looses • Bunches of posies, Which
into chaplets sweet they sorted I

There; seated in that lovely shade,
With LAYA beautiful, there
sate A gentle Shepherd,
which had made,
'Gainst evening twilight,
soniewhat late,
An arbour built in sylvan
state, Where, in
exchange, -Their eyes
did range,
Giving each other,, the checkmate*

He said, " Sweet comfort of my Life !
-Come and embrace PARTHENOPHIL !^{tf}
^{i&} Met we," said She, " to fall at
strife! I will be gone ! Ay, that I
will 1 " ¹¹1 loved you Io0g!⁹> *Why,
do so still I^{s8} " I cannot choose, If you
refuse! But shall myself, with sorrow
kill.** ,

With that, he sighed,¹ and would have
Kissed.: And viewed tier, with a
fearful smile:» -
She turned, and said, *' Your aim
missed I^m With sighs redoubled,
the meanwhile,